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VIII

THE POET TO HIS SWEETHEART

Squirrel, hurray! we will have our spree. The influential lady has chucked me, and, therefore, I belong again to you and to Love. I am going to meet you at six o'clock at the door of Maison Maurice, and if you are very, very good, or if you are very, very naughty (each has its charm) I will have an auto and we will play millionaire.

IX

THE DIRECTRICE TO HER AUNT (TELEGRAM)

Rushwork. Can not come before Sunday.

X

MAISON MAURICE TO THE LADY (LETTER
AND BAND-BOX SENT BY MESSENGER
AT TWO O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON)

Madame:—At the last minute we made it possible to finish the lace gown and we are sending it to Madame by special messenger to make sure that the dress arrives in time. We are happy to serve Madame, and we sincerely hope that the frock will be entirely to her satisfaction.

XI

THE LADY TO FATE

!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!—!

*From Die Zeit, Vienna.
(Translation, Lotus Magazine.)*

EMILE VERHAEREN'S LAST RESTING PLACE

ON a dull winter day, when the sun was veiled with heavy clouds, with the waves beating a melancholy plain song on the shore at La Panne, the body of Emile Verhaeren—brought from Rouen—was carried to the Soldiers' Hospital, where a little chapel had been improvised, and there, wrapped in the Belgian flag and surrounded with candles, many beautiful wreaths piled beside it, was laid the coffin of this great Belgian poet. Later, followed by a detachment of infantry and accompanied by the few friends who were able to come to that little corner of Belgium to do him honour, the funeral procession took its way through the cold and mist to the humble cemetery of Adinkerke, the Belgian flag the only spot of colour in the procession.

He died a soldier's death. He had been eloquently pleading his country's cause an hour before the end came. Since the beginning of the war he had done this work, speaking in neutral countries, also facing the cold of Norway and Sweden, travelling to Switzerland for his country's good. A great citizen of his little land, he merited that all honour should be done him from the King down to the humblest of his people. And somehow his funeral was just such as he himself might have wished, a grey winter day, with the mist rolling over his beloved dunes, a few tried friends, and the Belgian flag on his coffin.

From Everyman, London.